



VOL. HI. No. 36.

GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

{WHOLE No. 138.

**THE TIMES**  
GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
"OAK GLEN."

BY GRACE MILWOOD.

As waul'd ring through the Glen,  
Among the trees so grand,  
I think, how good is God,  
To fashion thus our land.

Each little spot so dear,  
Each little running brook,  
Each pebble that I find  
Within a shady nook,

Calls back sweet mem'ry of  
The bright and happy past,  
The scenes of other days,  
That could not always last.

Al! long ago, ah! long ago,  
I was a happy child,  
My heart was ever glad and free,  
My spirit daring—wild.

I thought no clouds could ever come  
To shade my happy bower,  
For when I did not even dream,  
Twould ever be as now.

But since, a lesson I have learned,  
The brightest soon I fade;  
God ever takes away from us,  
The noblest he has made.

Fro! how hard it is to have  
Our dearest treasures few,  
And how the broken heart will moan  
Through all eternity.

*A Tale of Southern Life.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
THE OLD MAID.

CHAPTER V.

CHRISTMAS was now past,—and our house was full of guests—the holidays, always devoted solely to the festivities of the servants, were over, and a success of gay parties, followed the restoration of household order.—

Cecilia was of course a great belle, her wealth and position, even without her remarkable beauty, would have made her almost unrivaled; and she was unavoidably, and not very willingly occupied in the entertainment of company, and the usual round of hospitalities, belonging to the season.

Like all her countrywomen, she was a fine rider and her fearlessness on horseback made him in a great measure for her utter want of prudence, (that being rankled with patience among those honest virtues, pertaining exclusively to the Pilgrim Fathers, had never been impressed on her, as at all a necessary discipline.) Her own especial riding horse, the jet-black "Boadicea" was as wild and intangible as its mistress, but a finer sight could not be imagined than Cecilia mounted, and recklessly abandoning herself to the caprices of her high-spirited favorite.

One bright, cold day in January, we were all out, riding and driving, in search of pleasure, when some unusual sound so terrified my sisters horse, that she quickly distanced all pursuit, and plunged madly into the river. A relenting destiny, so arranged Maurice's loéale as to make him the instrument of rescue to his Cousin; and she owed her deliverance from a fatal death, to the bold and prompt efforts of her lover. Both felt that now was the crisis of their fate!

He bore her towards the pond root where they, the descendants of one mutual ancestor, had never entered together—pale and exhausted, trembling with excitement, but inspired with a patriotic courage, he supported in his arms the rescued daughter of his foe, and with brief but manly simplicity, told of her danger and escape. In that moment truth and justice, triumphed over folly and pride; and even before Cecilia was borne away to her chamber, her cup of joy ran over as she caught her father's eager tones, "God reward you Maurice! I am your debtor for life!" but even these blessed words were not potent against the consequences of her accident, and soon all was confusion and dismay. Hated by her ride and plunged into the water, the physician pronounced her in the greatest danger, her symptoms for a brief but agonizing period, were most alarming, and the unhappy Maurice, so lately at the height of all his sops, saw his sun sinking at noon-day for forty-eight hours. He wandered about the woods, taking neither rest nor food, and shunning the very sight of the walls that contained his perishing idol, wildly waited the hourly intelligence I carried him. But her youth and unbroken constitution triumphed over disease, and she quickly recovered; coming among us again, with a softened loveliness, even more fascinating than her usual brilliancy—she was sobered and solemnized, not by recollections of her past, nor by grateful thanksgiving for God's Mercy—but by the certainty of earth's bliss, the last cloud had floated away, the only shadow that dimmed her sunny pathway, disappeared—Maurice was the approved and accepted lover of his Cousin, and from the full fountain of Joy's delicious spring, they

drank, and tasted not the bitter which bubbled to the brink."

CHAPTER VII.

ND now, family meetings, state-ly and cold, pompous entertainments and grave discussions, gave notice to the "wondering world that the rival families of Washington and Glendinning were to bury the hatchet, and smoke the pipe of peace." I have always thought they were secretly delighted at any good excuse for a reconciliation, particularly as a marriage between the cousins, was according to their peculiar code, "so perfectly eligible." Little cared they, the happy lovers! for all the world-wisdom of their proud guardians, they might settle and plan, without fear of contradiction, or question of right, from the young creatures, who only too happy, in a world where "Love is fatal," and Passion brings the punishment of idolatry, wandered over their Eden, with as little fear, as their first parents. Cecilia, gentle, shy, and tranquillized by her perfect happiness, was scarcely to be recognized for the impious and haughty heiress, she had been, while the bold bearing of Maurice, had never mounted by any other person, the creature seemed to cherish for his Master, an affection almost human. Poor Maurice, desired that this horse should convey his mortal remains to the grave, and there, in accordance with a barbarous but prevailing fashion, be shot.

Unavoidably, the long funeral cortège had to pass my Father's gate, and there beneath a patriarchal oak, where day by day, for many weeks, the happy lover had alighted, there at the exact spot, and waiting his Master's will, the doleful eulogy stopped, with its mournful load! Oh! the freezing horror of that moment! And now Frank, I must hasten to the end—yes, the end! for Maurice, our "brave and beautiful," is not more lost to the sweet charities of life, than she, whose heart-fires were extinguished with his, leaving her to be through life, but the cold monument, "sacred to his dear memory."

Preparations for the wedding were nearly completed; the time appointed was the week after Easter, and very soon, the young couple were to go abroad for a term of years. It being sagely deserved that the education of travel, was necessary to their future influence, and high position.

The elaborate preparations of those times were progressing auspiciously, friends and kindred were already gathering and Maurice at last tore himself away from the immediate neighborhood of his betrothed, and went to his own estate, at some distance, in order to make the necessary arrangements for his absence in Europe, and to leave his last instructions, about the building and embellishing of his future home. I knew that he was very anxious to be there alone, and indeed had delayed his visit for some weeks hoping to escape the presence of a gay party of young men, who insisted on sharing his last "bachelor days" with the fair young sisters grazed other homes.

Together we visited the time-honored family Tomb, where the "Old Maid" rests beside the well-remembered lover of her youth.

I need not detail, Frank, the history of the miserable period which followed this sad reverse; neither tears, nor wailings, groans nor sighs, betrayed the anguish of my unhappy sister, and this, not from her own efforts, but because her heart was literally dead within her! It was "smitten, and withered like grass!" a fearful collapse of mind and body, agonized us for a long while with cruel fears; slowly her physical powers rallied, but hope or love, vanity or ambition have never been rekindled beneath the dead ashes of her heart.

Our Mother's death placed her at the head of the family, and some years after, the care of our two sisters, orphaned at their birth gave her the additional responsibility of a Mother. No duty is neglected; no effort for our good, unattempted. To us all, she has been ever, the careful, kind, judicious friend and companion, so perfectly eligible.

The Box also should be screwed up when used and relaxed when put away.

First rate resin, not hard dry turpentine, fresh from the pine tree—but resin, the hard, brown resinous that remains in the alembic after the spirits of turpentine have been distilled from it—should be used for the box.

Finally, vale, for this year. May all

the readers of the *Times* (and who I have not detail, Frank, the history of the miserable period which followed this sad reverse; neither tears, nor wailings, groans nor sighs, betrayed the anguish of my unhappy sister, and this, not from her own efforts, but because her heart was literally dead within her! It was "smitten, and withered like grass!" a fearful collapse of mind and body, agonized us for a long while with cruel fears; slowly her physical powers rallied, but hope or love, vanity or ambition have never been rekindled beneath the dead ashes of her heart.

Keep your violin strings always dry; after absorbing moisture, which they readily do, they not only lose their purity of tone but easily break when stretched. The treble is specially liable to break in damp weather; therefore always let it down a little when you put your violin away.

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# THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, EDITORS.

Corresponding Editors.  
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WILLIAM E. HUNTER, SOUTH CAROLINA.

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## Peace With China.

By a dispatch over the Atlantic Cable, London, August 25th, we learn that a treaty of peace has been concluded with China. England and France are to be indemnified for the expense attending the war. The ports of China are to be open and free to the commerce of all nations, foreign diplomatic agents are admitted and the Christian religion is to be tolerated. Thus an important step is made in the civilization of the world. The Chinese Empire, with its darkness of superstition and idolatry, has ever been closed to the influence of civilization and Christianity, allowing only a mere nominal commercial trade with a few seacoast towns. But now, with a territory of one eleventh the entire surface of the habitable Globe and one-third of the entire population, she is opened to the reception of the Christian religion and to a free commerce with all nations. The world moves.

**SACRED MUSIC:**—Dr. Everett proposes giving instruction to each of the congregations in this place in Vocal Music, embracing eighteen lessons, in which a thorough knowledge of the science of Music will be imparted, and any member of the congregations enabled to sing at sight any piece of church music. Our congregations can be greatly improved in singing, and we hope each individual will fit a duty to add to this part of worship. Singing is a very agreeable exercise at any time, and no one should fail to improve the opportunity. Dr. Everett is eminently qualified for imparting instruction, which cannot be said of all teachers of Music. Therefore, seize the golden opportunity, before it escapes the grasp.

## Good Fortune.

Our contemporaries, the Editors of the Patriot, announced last week that they had been favored with free tickets on the Rail Roads, and were off for an excursion of pleasure and recreation. Fortune follows! What a time they will have, while some others less fortunate, seated in the old rickety arm chair, buried in a heap of musty newspapers, must content themselves the best they can,

—To scroll strange words with the barbarous pen.

But we remember! How shall we use it? We have a free ticket on the roads leading into Virginia from Weldon. To get to Weldon, that's the rub. But where is the difference? Virginia roads give North Carolina editors free rides, when they are denied this privilege by their own home roads! A prophet is not without honor save in his own country. But we are neither prophets, nor for the time being sons of a prophet.

A man of wisdom once said "a hint to the wise is sufficient, and a few days may decide whether our North Carolina Superintendents of Rail Roads, be not as wise as those of Virginia, or any other State. And then we may, perhaps, no longer sit in our 'old rickety arm chair,' looking like

Patience on a monument Sounding at grief."

## A New Book.

Mr. A. Morris of Richmond, Virginia, has in press and will publish early this Fall, a new Volume of Poems by Matilda, the sweet singer of "Grape Hill." It is with much pleasure we announce this forthcoming book of poems from Virginia's favorite poetess. Our readers need no commendation in advance of the publication of the book; they have already learned with us to love the sweet spirit that pervades every line from her pen, and will do themselves the pleasure to secure a copy as soon as published. And the fact that the book is by a fair young daughter of Virginia, and published by a House in Virginia will be no little inducement to extend a liberal sale.

**DAILY PROGRESS:**—Mr. Pennington announced in the extra slip from his office dated August 24th, that the regular issue of the "Daily Progress," will commence at Newbern, on Wednesday next, the 1st day of September. Mr. P. appeals to the business men of Newbern to sustain him. If they don't they will be wrong.

"The year growing ancient,  
Noly on Summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter."

Gentle reader, stop and reflect a moment. The season of flowers is fled. Summer is past. The year has advanced a step, and winged Time adds another season to the number of our days.

The long sultry days of Summer are past—the days when energy evaporates in the heat and drowsiness weighs down the body. But fanned by the refreshing breeze of Autumn, we should now awake to stern life again.

The Season reminds us of those beautiful lines of Richard Henry Stoddard, in which Autumn is so beautifully pictured. We will try and repeat them, for a reflective lesson and a lesson of beauty, to our readers:

AUTUMN.  
Darest Autumn! who may sketch thee best?  
For ever changing over the changeful globe!  
Who guess thy certain crown, thy favorite crest?  
The fashion of thy many-colored robe?

Sometimes we see thee stretched upon the ground,  
In fading woods where scarce patter fast.  
Dropping to feed thy tucky barks around,  
Crunching among the leaves the ripened mast;

Some at work where ancient granaries stand;

Are open with their stores and bales;

Whitened with chaff wafted from thy stall;

While south winds sweep along the dusty floors;

And sometimes fast asleep at noon tide hours,

Pilloed on cheves, and shaded from the heat,

With Plenty at thy feet,

Braiding a coronet of eaten straw and flowers;

What time, emerging from a low lung cloud,

The shining chariot the Sun was driven

His chariot at the gate of Heaven;

Then I bethought thy present fall delayed,

Slow trudging homeward o'er a stubble field;

Around thy brow, to shade it from the west,

A wisp of straw entwisted in a crown;

A golden wheat-sheaf, slipping low down,

Hugged tight against thy waist, and on thy breast,

Linked to a pelt, an earthen flagon swung;

And o'er thy shoulder flung,

Tied by their stems, a bundle of great pearls;

Bell-shaped and streaky, some rich orchard's pride;

A heavy bunch of grapes on either side,

Linked each arm, tugged downward by the hand;

Their glossy leaves blown off by wandering airs,

A yellow-ringed lemon in thy right,

In thy left hand a sickle caught the light,

Keen as the moon which glowed

Along the fields of night;

One moment seen, the shadowy masque was flown,

And I was left, as now, to meditate alone.

Hark! hark!—I hear the reapers in a row,

Showing their harvest carols blithe and loud,

Cutting the rye at the gate of Heaven;

Then I bethought thy present fall delayed,

Crooked eastward now, the orchards droop

their boughs.

With red-cheek fruits, while far along the wall,

Full in the south, ripe plums and peaches fall

In tufted grass where laughing lads carous;

And down the pastures, where the horse goes round,

His ring of tan, beneath the mossy shed,

Old cider-presses work with creamy din,

Oozing in bins, and apples heap the ground;

And hour by hour, a basket on his head,

Up-clambering to the spout, the ploughman pours them in:

Sweet-scented winds from meadows newly mown

Blow eastward now; and now for many a day

The fields will be alive with wains of hay

And stacks not all unmeet for Autumn's throne!

The granges will be crowded, and the men

Half-smothered, as they tread it from the top;

And then the wains will go, and come again.

And go and come until they end the crop.

And where the melons strew the garden vine,

Cross-necked or globy, smaller carts will

soon be to be urged overland to the sea;

And when the walnuts ripen, climb a tree,

And shake the branches bare!

And by and by, when northern winds are out,

Great fires will roar in chimneys huge at night,

While we draw round, and pleasant tales are told;

And nuts and apples will be passed about,

Until the household, drowsy with delight,

Creep off to bed a cold!

Sovereign of Seasons! Monarch of the Earth!

Steward of bounteous Nature, whose rich alms

Are showered upon us from thy liberal palms,

Until our spirits overflow with mirth!

Divinest Autumn! while our garners burst

With plenteous harvesting, and heaped incrases,

We lift our eyes to thee through grateful tears.

With fond looks, wistfully visit first,

And linger last long o'er our realm of Peace,

Where green in calmly sits, and beckons the Years!

## PRIVATE CORNER.

W. BENJAMIN SMITH.—"The zephyr," "Whisperings" and "Lines to a sick Lady" received.....FINLEY JOHNSON—"Love on," "I am wandering by the Brook, Love," "The Mother's council" and "Woman's Love" received.....E. C. LOOMIS—"Mrs. Atwood's Suspicions" is a fine little story and shows up the character in true colors.

"A constant reader of the Times," Knoxville, Tenn. will please give us the proper name.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,** for September is placed upon our table. We are glad to form an acquaintance with the Knickerbocker, as an examination of the present number has very favorably impressed us. It is one of the best Magazines published, not surpassed by "Harper." And the Editor's table has no equal for variety, spice and criticism. It is in its 52nd Volume, and strange, we have not before shaken hands. L. Gaylor Clark, Editor; and John A. Gray, Publisher, New York. But we see no terms or prospects. Three dollars, we presume, as it has over 100 pages of the choicest reading and several illustrations.

**REVIVALS:**—Since Sabbath much religious interest has been exhibited in the Methodist congregation of Greensboro. Several have made a profession of religion, and the altar is crowded with mourners. The interest, thus far, is mostly confined to the young ladies of the College.

We also hear that a powerful revival is progressing in the Methodist church at Chapel Hill, and that a large number of the students of the University have made a profession of religion.

## Leisure Readings;

WE FIND IN  
Books, Review, Magazines, and Papers.

### LIFE IN VIRGINIA.

The versatile pen of the British novelist, G. P. R. James, has given us a vivid picture, in easy back-ground, of life in Virginia. Though not as "brief" as our space would like, yet we feel assured the reader will demand an apology for its appearance.

Fauquier Springs, 15th July, 1858.

To A. C. R.—MY DEAR FRIEND: You ask me to write you a very brief sketch of my Impressions of Country Life in Virginia. How can you make so unreasonable a request to a man who for thirty years of his life has been accustomed to pose in three volumes? Had you not put me to that little word "brief," I might perhaps have made something of it. Impressions of Country Life in Virginia, in two volumes quarto, by etc., would have been much more in my way, and would have been an imposing title; but a brief sketch! Good Heaven! it is a frightful undertaking! Moreover, there are a thousand and other objections. I have no amanuensis here—no living pen—and my own hand-writing is so delicately fine, that printers have the greatest difficulty in discerning whether "Constantinople" means "Kantschata," or if "St. Petersburg" is intended for "Sebastopol." Be side, where is the story?

Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir; and what can I do without a story?

Again, consider the variety of phases in Virginia country life: the farm life; the village life; the watering-place life; the negro life; the Eastern Virginia life; the Western Virginia life; the Panhandle life! My dear friend, it cannot be denied that "Coon's fate" and "Possum's" are both the same in the end, and the skin is the trophy of the victory.

But a Virginia marriage is perhaps the highest exemplification of the country life in this State. Form, ceremony, are abandoned, though many a good old custom still prevails. Friends, relatives poor in all quarters: no regard is had to the size of the house or the sort of accommodation. Abundance of everything is found, and if there be a defect, it is never noticed in the universal hilarity that prevails.

Nor are the rejoicings restrained to one day! I have known them last the week, and the whole bridal party cross a broad river to renew on the other side of the water the merriment of the preceding day, with some distant friend or relative.

But enough of plantation life. We need only pause to remark that there is a class of smaller planters, who represent the sturdy yeomanry of England, from whom, in all probability, they spring, as happy probably as their richer neighbors, not so learned, but endowed with that good, hard common-sense which is the best every-day wear in the world. They have competence and ease, if not wealth, and most of them feel with the merry statesmen who exclaimed: "Give me the otium, hang the dignitate."

We reluctantly withhold until next week the concluding pages of Mr. James' "Life in Virginia." It is picturing us so life-like and the style so easy, the reader could easily run through as many more columns without once stopping to think of weariness, but it would crowd out too much from our news columns, and we must defer the remaining pages for next week.

## North Carolina State Bonds.

We make the following extract from the report of D. W. Curtis, Esq., Treasurer of the State of North Carolina, to the last Legislature of that State upon its finances.

There is no State of our Union whose credit has stood firmer in the late financial crisis than North Carolina. The bonds, whenever offered, have commanded a higher price than those of the neighboring States. With the interest payable semi-annually in New York, which is always ready at the day, and a sinking fund to redeem the principal when due, the bonds are justly considered among the safest investments of the country:

But I will take this occasion to say that, having been for several years connected with the finances of the State, and charged with the responsibility of meeting from time to time the demands against her, I suppose my opportunities have been as good as those of any other person for collecting the sentiments of our people upon the subject of our State credit and the degree of importance which they attach to the necessity of upholding it; and I think I do not pay them unduly compliment when I give it as my opinion that the great body of them would either readily forego for a season the supposed benefits of any proposed public improvement, or would quietly submit to any additional taxation that should be found requisite, rather than that the credit of the State should receive the slightest tarnish from a non-compliance with her obligations.

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## Times' Correspondence.

### Correspondence of the Times.

RALEIGH, N. C. Aug. 27th 1858.

Cyrus W. Field *lives*—Honor to whom honor is due—Speculation on the Cable—State Fair—New Attractions—Address by Mr. Clingan—Many Sports—Mr. Bridgers’ Address—Delegates to American Pomological Society—General meeting of Military Officers—F. R. R. Accidents—Property Sales &c. &c.

*Dear Times*:—The “Atlantic Telegraph” still continues to be the main staple of the newspaper articles, the all attractive theme of private conversation; Mr. Cyrus W. Field has suddenly risen before our astonished eyes like a new sun and must be intensely amazed at his own greatness. Amidst all the glorification, congratulation and fulsome adulation of which he is the subject, while some papers wish him to be Governor and others have already nominated him for President, who thinks of Brooke, the accomplished sailor, who, by an apparatus of his own invention, first demonstrated the existence of the plateau and deduced thence the practicability of laying the cable: “Honor to whom Honor is due.” Again; one newspaper poet has gone, in his exultant flight, so far beyond his depth that he has dared to ascribe to the creature the glory which belongs only to the Creator and compares this feat of science to one of the miracles of our Savior; dispute it as you will by poetry or figures, this is rank blasphemy.

A Jeweller, in N. Y., who has purchased the remnant of the cable, proposes to present a portion to every library and scientific Institution, in the U. S. and so popular has the cable become, that no doubt he will realize an independent fortune from the sale of trinkets, containing portions of it; we shall soon hear too, of a regular manufacture of the “genuine” Atlantic cable, any quantity supplied and on more accommodating terms than the original article. The neatest ‘preparation’ of it is in a trinket for the watch guard; the adoption of these *cable-etic* charms by the young ladies would seem to be an omen of success, to some of their ardent admirers; though it might also intimate some *shocking* consequences, when the *communication* is made.

Many of the papers in this State and elsewhere seem to be impressed with the idea that our Fair is to take place in Nov.; this date was appointed by the Society, but the executive committee, who are invested with legislative powers, and in fact with all the powers of the society itself, have changed the day to Oct. 19th. On this day therefore it is definitely fixed that the Fair is to open.

The Committee have arranged an attractive list of Premiums, which it is hoped will draw the attention of our farmers and manufacturers; Mr. Senator Clingan will deliver the address; so come one and all and bring the girls and all the other pretty things you have, along with you.

It is noticeable here, as elsewhere at the South, that no provision is made for the many sports; why should not our young men exhibit their prowess in matches of walking, leaping or running, in hurling the stone &c. &c. In the olden times these sports were highly appreciated and Washington himself, when a young man, easily excelled all his competitors; excellence in sports produced eminence in him, when called to suffer and be strong for his country. At the North and in England cricket, boxing, base ball and yacht-races are the prime favorites and that heart must be insensible indeed who can behold unmoved a “thing of life” skimming the water and bearing the banner of our country, in triumph to the goal. Let him who is inclined to smile at the enthusiasm of this passage reflect that the famous yacht-builders, steers, also planned the most famous vessel of modern times, the half-crowned “Niagara,” she not only beat the Agamemnon five days in reaching the rendezvous in mid-Atlantic, carried more cable and did her work more perfectly, but in a terrible storm which threw the latter on her beam end kept on her course, majestic and serene, the embodied might of mind, a queen supreme over her turbulent waves.

But to return to the Fair: Mr. Bridgers’ excellent address, delivered at the last meeting is in the hands of the Printer and will probably be ready by Oct. 1st; it is a superior production, calculated to be very popular and to do a great deal of good. The American Pomological Society will hold its seventh Session in New York on Sept. 14th; Messrs. S. W. Westrock, J. Lindley, G. W. Johnson and Moses Evans have been appointed to represent our State Society. There will also be held a meeting of Agricultural Editors, at the same time and place.

A general meeting of the Officers of all the Military companies, in the state is to be held during Fair week; they will appear in uniform and their object is to consider the propriety of asking some Legislative Action, in regard to their matters. It is also in contemplation to procure the attendance of the famous Armory Band, from Richmond: the melody of their silver strains is alone worth a trip.

Look on your Map, Messrs. Editors, somewhere in “High Johnston” and find “its a great spot”; last week Mr. O. L. Dodd’s house, a fine, large one was burnt to the ground and made such a light in those regions as was never known before; it was largely insured. Then soon after two trains on the N. C. R. R. ran off there and a third one was stopped, until the others were set right; for at least one hour and 93 minutes, the passengers enjoyed the delightful scenery of Snow and Smith’s big saw mills; three young and vigorous ladies, returning from a summer campaign at the Springs declared several times “they would die;” only their sympathizing friends unanimously requested that they would not do any thing rash and finally they concluded they would not, until next time. Their beaux had already secured able counsel and retained them by jolts all round, to bring an action for heavy damages against the Company, in case the ladies had carried their threats into execution.

Hon. Daniel M. Barringer has recently purchased, for a residence, the house and lot last occupied by Col. Gwynn, next the Palace, for about \$30,000; last week Major Clark’s house and lot were bought by the occupant, Mrs. Primrose, for \$2,400; Wm. R. Cox, Esq., late of Edgecombe, bought a few months ago Fred

Shepard’s house and lot for \$4,500 and Wm. Grimes, the Devereux lot near the R. & G. Depot for \$300.

Yours &c., P. S. S.

### Correspondence of the Times.

#### Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Lord Macaulay’s Page.—The Old Red Sandstone—Little’s Living Age—Chateaubriand’s Genius of Christianity—The Font of the Cross—Bayne’s Essays in Biography and Criticism.

Although the works of G. P. H. James are numbered by hundreds of volumes, and though their sale is counted by hundreds of thousands, the first satisfactory and creditable edition of any of his brilliant romances issued by an American publisher is only just now given from the press. The work is “James’ last,” and Messrs. Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia, the eminent publishers of Dr. Kane’s volumes, have dressed it in their well known beautiful typographical and mechanical setting. The narrative is of absorbing interest. It pictures an interesting period in the history of France, the times of Louis XIII., and once more introduces a character who has received more leniency at the hands of James than probably any other author—the Cardinal de Richelieu. We meet him here not as a silver headed sire, selfish, inconsiderate and tyrannical, but as a young man, ere the finer feelings of his nature had been absorbed and swallowed up by the hard duties of the statesman, the ambitions of the successful leader, and the galling cares of the politician. Our readers, relying upon the well tried ability of the greatest novelist to do justice to any period, or any character of the past, may confidently anticipate a delightful pleasure in the perusal of Lord Montaigne’s Page. The book is embellished with a noble portrait of the author, and contains a biographical sketch of his life, which alone must bring it into demand.

A new, improved, and greatly enlarged edition of Hugh Miller’s celebrated work, *The Old Red Sandstone*, has recently been issued by the American publishers of the great geologist’s books, Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston. Appended to the volume is a Series of Geological papers read before the Royal Physical Society Edinburgh. The new matter in this handsome edition consists of over one hundred pages, on the subjects, Geological Evidences in Favor of Revealed Religion. The Ancient Gravestone Rocks of Scotland, The Red Sandstone, Marble and Quartz Deposits of Assynt, The Corals of the Orkney System, and the Fossiliferous Deposits of Scotland. We observe also several additional plates, all of which greatly enhance not merely the interest but the value of this admirable work, and render incomplete any previous edition. The Edinburgh Review pronounces the *Old Red Sandstone*, the first, the freshest, and the best of all Hugh Miller’s scientific writings.

One of the most satisfactory and appreciative Reviews of the life, character and genius of the above great man, that we have ever read, (Peter Bayes’ review alone excepted,) is contained entire in the last number (743, for August 21st,) of *Little’s Living Age*, published now so many years by Messrs. E. Little, Son & Co., of Boston. This fine periodical, since its enlargement to eighty pages weekly (2) is thereby enabled to include in a single issue, in addition to the usual full and agreeable miscellany, several of the lengthy and most readable of the articles in the great British Reviews. Besides the great Review of Hugh Miller in the present number, there is a full review of Caning’s Literary Remains, from the Edinburgh, an interesting article on the Troubadours, from the National Review, Tales from Household Words, The Magazine, Beauty, etc.

A newly translated, enlarged, and otherwise improved edition of Chateaubriand’s famous work, *The Genius of Christianity, or, The Spirit and Beauty of the Christian Religion*, has just been issued in a fine large octavo volume, of 100 pages, by Messrs. Murphy & Co., of Baltimore. This standard religious work, known all over the world, has never before been presented to the public in so perfect and satisfactory a form. All previous editions, poorly translated, incomplete, mutilated, and patched together through the transformations it has undergone in many years, have been discarded in the present translation, and the work taken in its purity, and considered with faithfulness and zeal. In rendering the text, various French editions were compared; where the sense of the noble author appeared obscure or erroneous critical and explanatory notes have been introduced; and nearly one hundred pages have been supplied which were never before presented to the public in the English tongue.

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Yours &c., P. S. S.

### Correspondence of the Times.

#### OCEAN WAIFS.

BOSTON, Aug. 29th, 1858.

*Editors Times*:—When I closed my last notes to you of an ocean voyage, we were “rounding” the dreary land of Cape Cod, and “standing away” for the “city of notions”—Boston. In the afternoon of yesterday we first “made” the Minot’s Lodge Light House—or to speak plainer, the dangerous rocks on which they are attempting to re-build one—and speedily passed on up to the entrance to the harbor of Boston. We entered the harbor between two small hills that peered up from the surface forming one of the many natural gateways, to this grandest of all waters. On entering, one of the most beautiful scenes greeted the view. Over a broad bay were scattered innumerable islands, covered with a green verdure, and on whose hill tops a beacon light, or light house reared itself heavenward. Winding around and in among these hills, some new object constantly appeared. A large steamer, or ship, or other vessel was entering or coming out of the harbor, while the thousand steamboats, and small sail added to the attractiveness of the scene. A slight fog had surrounded us dispersed under the genial influence of the sun, and hill-top, house-top and sail appeared with all the dewy freshness of morning. While we were contemplating the scenes we sped onward, the bay and its beauties unrolled panoramas-like before us. The walls of Fort Warren and Independence loomed up, and passing by them the State House, of Boston, and the granite shaft of Bunker Hill, first appeared to our view, and then the outlines of the two cities—Boston and Charlestown—with their one hundred suburban towns became distinctly visible. At this juncture our inquisitive passengers be our good natured Captain and his Mate with a list of questions regarding all that we saw before us; and the rapidity with which we were answered only gave rise to more questions of a like nature, until I began to think that they wished we were ashore. I was wrong, however. Not to digress, we still kept onward, and the waving of handkerchiefs and salutes from outward bound boats reminded us that the day must be no ordinary one, and that there must be some great cause for the jubilee. We soon approached the wharves, and found the entire shipping gaily decked with flags, steamers, &c. On touching Central Wharf, the first words that came to us from the shore were—“The Queen’s message has come!” Some of our party were so much overjoyed that they came near forgetting to bid Capt. Howes, and the Joseph Whitney a final farewell.—The cable indeed had an electric effect upon all. Hasty partings were made, steamer acquaintances asked to be prolonged, and a happy party indeed left the Joseph Whitney to wander to their further destinations. We were all thankful that so pleasant a trip had been so beneficial to us all both for health and pleasure.

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# THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TO MISS SALLIE E. W.

BY BUGH.

Ob, Sallie, thou art sadly changed,  
Since last I gazed upon thy form  
And met that tender glance of thine.

That tender voice I've heard so oft,  
When love's right flowers I'd pluck'd the heart,  
Will never speak kind words again;  
Will never more sweet joys impart.

Alas I grieve that it is so;  
That I must with thee ever part;  
But now to unknown lands I go,  
With thy sweet image on my heart.

I loved thee well when first we met,  
When first this bosom knew a sigh;  
I cannot cease to love thee still,  
Though thou hast severed every tie.

I'll never forget thy sunny smile,  
When I am in a distant land;  
I'll never forget the sad farewell,  
When last I pressed thy lily hand.

Farewell, dear girl—a long farewell;  
Since we must part I'll not complain;  
Yet secretly I'll sigh for thee,  
And joys that cannot come again.

Adieu, adieu, my own loved one,  
I know that we are parted over;  
For thy cold heart has broke the spell,  
And we shall meet again, no never.

There is a brighter land than this,  
There love is never known to fade;  
Then let us meet each other there,  
When in the grave our bodies laid.

## Reading for the Young.

### A Fair Spirit and a Fair Complexion.

Lizzie, let me never again see you cut without your bonnet. Your complexion will be ruined before Fall at this rate, and you must learn to be more careful.

But, mother, the bird would have been lost had I waited for my bonnet. In a moment more he would have flown over Mr. Hazleton's yard to the river, and likely as not been drowned as was poor little Lillie the other day.

"I should have been sorry if the bird had been lost, but I should regret much more to see my Lizzie with sunburned shoulders, and face brown as a gipsy. Girls of your age are so thoughtless! They can not realize the lasting effects of *sunburning* causes. I know one Fannie Mason whose complexion was fair as your own, but from one summer's imprudence, always forgetting her bonnet when she ran out of doors, her skin became so darkened that she never out-grew that summer's sun-burn."

Had Lizzie's mother been better versed in physiology she might have seen other causes for the change in Fannie Mason's complexion, for there are other habits than those of out-door life which will spoil the skin; such as eating unwholesome food, breathing bad air, and other things of the kind.

Lizzie Lamphere was a very pretty maid of fourteen years, with bright hazel eyes, flowing brown hair, and a complexion unusually pure and brilliant. She had also a sweet and loving disposition, but her vanity, aroused by the unexpressed admiration of her friends, was nourishing a degree of self-satisfaction that sometimes made her forgetful of the comfort of those external beauty of a Cleopatra!"

As she stood near the door, her pretty singer, Fairy, panting from his flight perched upon her wrist, and his handsome prison-house swinging from the fingers of her other hand, Lizzie's father entered.

"Lizzie, my child, you have just now committed a very rude action and I am deeply grieved to see you so thoughtless."

Lizzie, in her extreme concern for the pet-bird, had hastened across the street, then through a neighboring yard and garden to secure him. In the eagerness of her pursuit, fearing that his fate might repeat that of the luckless Lillie, had become so absorbed in the one thought of rescuing Fairy, that when he was once secure, she bounded gaily back to report her good fortune. A little girl was passing the time with a basket of strawberries, but Lizzie in her heedlessness brushing past the child, the berries were all emptied upon the walk. This, Miss Lamphere was too much absorbed to notice, and for this her father reproved her. She was annoyed at the mingled reproof of both parents. Herself so happy that the bird was safe, she did not wish to think of any thing else, and to receive in place of the sympathy she had anticipated, blame, for what she regarded as trifling misdemeanors, was too much, and she passionately burst into tears.

"Lizzie was so much rejoiced at the rescue of her bird that she brushed aside the child without knowing it," interrupted the mother.

"I should have been very sorry to lose the bird, but nothing I could think more sorely grieve me than this thoughtless act toward one less favored than yourself my, Lizzie," said Mr. Lamphere, taking his daughter's hand within his own.

Lizzie thought many rebellious thoughts which she would like to have uttered, but she only strove to disengage her hand which her father retained with gentle firmness.

"Come with me to the window Lizzie," said her father; "see the poor child gathering the fruit from the dusty pavement. Could you be thus heroic under misfortune?"

Then Mr. Lamphere told his daughter of the death of this child's father, of the illness of her mother and that he had been told that she took care of her poor mother with the fortitude of a woman.

"These berries," said he, "she was doubtless taking home as a rare treat for her darling *poor* child."

Lizzie, half pitifully, yet half gaily to a better mood, had gone to the window, and there she saw, the patient, ever-waiting little girl, bending over her scattered treasure, her thin fingers, breaking the dirt from each berry as she gathered them up off the ground. This touch

ed the tenderness of her nature. Throwing her arms around her father's neck, the tears rendered now brilliant the shade on her face as she whispered:

"Father, I am sorry for my rudeness."

With a step quite as eager, and an expression of countenance far more lofty than while returning in triumph with the bird, she hastened to the side of the child.

"Forgive me, little girl, for upsetting your basket. I was so glad that I had caught my birdie, that I saw or thought of nothing else. Don't stop to pick these berries from the dirty walk. Come with me to my own little strawberrybed, and I will fill your basket with fresh ones."

The child looked up with a wondering glance, hardly prepared to believe the elegant young miss sincere in addressing one so humble as herself in a manner at once so free and kind.

Little Carrie Norton, for this was the poor little girl's name, had suffered the loss of her berries without a murmur, only a softer shade of sadness passed over her pale brow. One who observed closely, however, could see that it was hard for her to keep the tears down, for the day was exceedingly warm, and she was very wearied; and the thought of her sick mother haunted her uneasiness. Any affectionate evidence of kindly feeling from any save her mother, was also so rare a thing, that Lizzie's words were like the sun's heat to a tender plant long shut away from light. The strained energies of the child yielded to intense emotion. Her agitation was so great that Lizzie almost carried her, sobbing into the yard.

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